Private

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20697764.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Original Male Character(s)
Characters:	Will Graham, Original Male Character, Original Trans Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Original Male Character - Freeform, Original Trans Character - Freeform, Trans Character, Trans Male Character, Pre-Canon, Bisexual Will Graham, Police Officer Will Graham, Meet-Cute, Flirting, Awkward Flirting, Dating, Kissing, Masturbation, Secrets, Closeted Character, Angst, Blow Jobs, Mistakes, Boundaries, Confrontations, Remorse, Apologies, Pining, Making Up, PIV Sex, front hole penetration, Riding, Happy Ending, Ambiguous/Open Ending, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of x Reader fics/OC, Part 22 of Non Cis Fics
Stats:	Published: 2019-09-19 Completed: 2019-09-21 Words: 10,097 Chapters: 3/3

Private

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When bisexual New Orleans cop Will Graham meets a cute guy, Oskar, in a coffee shop he can't help but indulge his curiosity.

Notes

Another xreader/OC story for EliasIsMyWaifu. These are so much fun to write! XD

(flirty fluff)

Oskar ignored the little flutter in his chest and looked away.

He had thought at first that the cop in line for coffee was scoping the place for something. He knew the look, it was something he did too. But he was sure that, for a moment, the cop had stalled on him. It was hard to tell from this distance as he still had his tinted glasses on. Then after he ordered he looked over again, this time definitely directly at Oskar, before looking around the room.

The coffee shop was pretty full and Oskar was the only person sat at a table for two on his own. The cop took another glance around before walking over, and laying his hand on the back of the empty chair.

“May I?” He asked, not the thickest Southern accent Oskar had heard, just a tinge of it that made him sound naturally charming.

Perhaps Oskar was a little bias in that, given that he already felt heat rising in his face at how attractive he found the cop. Which was unusual for two reasons. Firstly that Oskar usually avoided police officers in social settings, and secondly, he was usually calm and laid back and not easily flustered. But there was no denying that the man was so attractive, both those reasons were suddenly redundant.

“Um, sure. Go ahead,” Oskar said, realising that maybe his silence had gone on too long.

The officer gave a curt nod, setting his hat, glasses and coffee on the table as he pulled out the chair and sat.

Oskar cleared his throat and tried to read over his paperwork, but it was so distracting having the cop there, even though he also seemed to be consumed with reading a newspaper that had been

discarded on the table.

“On a break?” Oskar found himself saying and then wincing. He hadn’t meant to make conversation, much less have it actually come out as a terse criticism, which it had.

“We’re never really on breaks. My partner is using the bathroom, so I thought I’d grab a coffee and take a load off for a minute.” The officer replied coolly, not looking up from sipping his coffee or reading his paper.

“Ah,” Oskar responded, feeling like an idiot. “No donuts?” He asked, before wincing again and cursing that he couldn’t keep his mouth shut around cute guys. Or at least this one.

The officer turned to him then and his raised brow and slight smirk spoke of how many times he’d heard donut jokes. “More of a beignet guy myself.”

Oskar nodded and drank down a gulp of coffee, trying not to think about this guy with powdered sugar on his lips from the beignet.

“You nervous about something?” The cop challenged, gruff but quiet.

“What? Me? No!” Oskar responded quickly, realising of course that was what he’d heard many a criminal say. “I just get nervous around cute guys, believe me I’m normally much more sedate.” Oskar rushed the words and then his eyes went wide as he realised what he’d said.

He waited for the shitty response. He’d met his fair share of bigoted cops, which was perhaps another reason he tended to avoid them. Oskar was one of those guys that happily gave off a pretty queer vibe. He was just hoping this cop hadn’t sat with him for that reason - to bait him. Suddenly he had the music video for George Michael’s *Outside* in his head and he let out a slightly nervous chuckle before gulping the rest of his coffee.

The few seconds felt like hours before the cop replied coldly, “You think I’m cute?” When Oskar blinked at him he added, teasingly, “you got a thing for uniforms, huh?”

“No!” Oskar protested, feeling his cheeks heat. “I mean, yes. You’re cute. No to the uniform thing.” His face was practically melting with the heat and he wanted the ground to open and swallow him up.

The officer was about to say more, his smile slight but beautiful, before he looked up.

“Graham, I’m just going to grab a coffee to go. Ya ready?”

“Yes sarge,” Officer Graham replied and put his hat on his head, about to stand. But then he stopped and leaned in ever so slightly, just enough that others couldn’t hear, “you’re pretty cute too.”

Oskar sat stunned as the cop stood, grabbed his things, and cast a glance back before heading out the door.

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It wasn’t that Oskar changed his plans to try and run into the cop again. Or so he tried to convince himself.

He had pretty much been going to the coffee shop the same time every day since he'd been on the case in New Orleans. Even so, it felt sort of weird and nefarious to be sat there watching the door just in case. So, at the start of the second week, he made sure to sit with his back to the door and just block out thoughts of the cop and get on with his work.

On the Thursday the voice that had been on repeat in his head, filled his ears once more.

"Is this seat free?"

Oskar looked around and saw not only the cop but also the many other empty tables.

"Sure," Oskar replied. He'd been schooling himself just in case this happened again, so was slightly disappointed that his voice squeaked up at the end a little.

The officer grinned and took the seat opposite, laying down his hat, glasses and coffee once more.

"Bathroom break again?" Oskar asked, trying to make conversation with a light banter but sure he failed miserably until the cop let out a chuckle.

"Sarge likes Thai food on a Wednesday night, but it doesn't agree with him. Always makes Thursdays very interesting."

Oskar laughed, feeling the tightness in his chest shake loose.

"At least you get coffee out of it. Shame they don't serve beignets here," Oskar grinned and the officer cocked a brow, as though surprised that he'd remembered that information. Oskar wanted desperately to pretend that his good memory on this point specifically was not because he'd replayed their interaction over in his head many times since it had happened.

"There is a good place I go on my days off. Can just sit there and savour it. You know that little bakery near the Mardi Gras Museum? There's a cafe out back and it's beignets are just…" He shook his head as though lost for words and Oskar wondered if he was going to start to drool.

"I'll try and find it. I don't live here, I'm just visiting. I appreciate the recommendation."

A strange look crossed the officer's face and Oskar wasn't sure if it was disappointment or relief.

"Just here for a short while, huh? Well, you should give it a try. Maybe, um… Sunday morning." The officer took a sip of his coffee and looked over to the bathroom. And sure enough there came his partner.

"Yeah, sure." Oskar said hurriedly. "I love beignets on a Sunday." He didn't quite hide the wince at the ridiculous words.

The officer chuckled as he stood, clearing his throat before replying "Me too."

*

By the time Sunday rolled around, Oskar had gone back and forth on whether to go to the bakery. It wasn't like it was a date, was it? But it wasn't not a date either, maybe? More a meeting. If the cop turned up at all. Maybe he hadn't meant it to sound like they should meet there.

An illicit meeting, Oskar considered, given the man's line of work. If this was a date of sorts, likely it was something the cop would want, maybe *need*, to keep quiet.

The thought made him feel a bit weird. Sure, he was private and discreet about some things in his personal life, but he wasn't closetted and didn't want to be. He knew he'd struggle to date someone closetted.

The thought was ridiculous, he reminded himself the many times he had it, given that this might not even be a date. Maybe it was simply a recommendation and the officer wouldn't be there at all.

And yet there he was.

Oskar had decided to go, getting to the cafe just before 10am and immediately seeing the officer at one of the small tables, sipping coffee but no beignets in sight.

He was wearing a loose fitting flannel shirt over a tank top, which still seemed a bit warm for this weather, but that was likely Oskar just not being used to the New Orleans heat. His hair was slightly unkempt, like he hadn't bothered forcing a brush through his unruly curls. He had a short stubble that spoke of at least a day without shaving.

All in all, Oskar hadn't been sure the cop could be more attractive, and yet there he was.

Oskar clenched his jaw and walked in, trying not to seem too purposeful or too nervous.

"Officer Graham," Oskar greeted, somewhat delighted when the man looked up and beamed a smile at him.

"You can call me Will, unless… you know, the officer thing does it for you?" His tone was serious but the spreading grin a moment later told Oskar it was a tease.

"Ha! Funny," Oskar commented as he took the seat opposite Officer Graham, call me Will. "No beignets?"

"I was waiting on you. Glad you showed because I was starting to get a bit hungry," Will grinned.

Oskar liked the easy way that Will was with him, even easier in this environment. More relaxed. Which was odd, because Oskar got the sense that he wasn't always so relaxed, like he carried a weight with him, and usually he was a good judge of these things. Will was off duty and on what seemed to be home terf, and that obviously relaxed him somewhat.

A comfortable silence grew and Will looked at him expectantly before saying, "You never told me your name."

"Oh, yeah. Um, it's Oskar, Oskar Sonnier."

"Nice to meet you," Will held out his hand and Oskar took it. And if he held onto it a little longer than was necessary to feel the roughness of Will's palm, who was to notice?

Other than Will of course who continued to grin at him.

"Before I order the beignets, can I just… Make sure I haven't misread this situation?" Will asked.

For a moment Oskar froze, then realised he could only be referring to their assignation and nothing else.

“I… Sure…”

With the lack of real confirmation, Will pushed.

“I mean… I don’t usually pick up guys in coffee shops. Or at all really, but… I guess here we are. So if you were… adverse to… that. Then you’d better say now.” Will chose every word very carefully, eyes glancing about the place every now and then.

“Oh, no, yeah. I mean, yes to picking up guys,” Oskar winced. “I really am not this easily flustered usually,” he sighed.

A wide grin spread over Will’s face, “I like it. I like that I fluster you.” He practically growled the words and Oskar blushed.

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Oskar was glad that over the next couple of weeks, grabbing meals - usually breakfasts - around Will's shifts, he blushed less. As he started to get to know Will Graham he felt more relaxed around the man. Not to say there weren’t things that got Oskar flustered, especially the increasingly lingering looks, the barely there touches.

He got the feeling that Will was as cautious as he was, though for different reasons.

And despite everything, cool and collected Oskar was back to being flustered again as he waited for Will in one of the Bourbon Street gay bars. Their first evening date, first time they’d both been free to actually hang out for hours on end, other than the beignet date. And it had taken long enough to get to this point that Oskar was worried about what Will might expect.

Those thoughts went right out of his head as he saw the man nervously enter the bar. Will had told him over the beignets that he was bi, and that he hadn’t been with that many guys. Just college hookups really, mostly whilst drunk so they could both laugh it off later as bro-jobs or some other shit. He hadn’t been out to gay bars or anything like that, and so in that respect Oskar had the upper hand. And it was kind of adorable how Will looked so out of place. But even more so the way his face lit up when he saw Oskar.

It made Oskar’s heart pound and his breath catch.

“Hey,” Will greeted.

“Hi,” Oskar replied with a grin as Will moved close to him. Maybe because of the loud music and large numbers of people, or maybe just because he could here.

Either way, Oskar took the opportunity to lean in and kiss his cheek, enjoying the stubble against his lips.

Will let out a little grunty noise and turned, catching Oskar’s mouth with his own and giving a gentle, chaste kiss.

Will pulled back and bit at his lower lip, “Is that… was that okay? I should have asked. I just assumed that we’re…”

“We are… Um, whatever we’re doing. Dating? We’re definitely at the kissing stage of whatever this is.”

“Oh, good,” Will grinned, slipping his hand around Oskar’s waist and kissing him again, a little less chaste this time, a little deeper, though he withdrew as Oskar was about to slip his tongue into Will’s mouth.

“We should get a table,” Oskar said breathlessly. Will nodded and took his hand for him to lead the way.

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Oskar wasn’t sure how it was nearly 6am.

They’d had food and drink at the bar, talked. Will mentioned he enjoyed fishing, Oskar replied that he liked running and cooking. Will joked that Oskar could cook his next catch.

They flirted. Traded a few little kisses. At some point they’d left but neither of them seemed to want to say goodbye, so they fell into a nightclub. More laughing and kissing and dancing. The way they ground together on the dancefloor had Oskar wanting more, but he knew he should hold back.

The sun was coming up as they walked along the street, holding hands, until they got to the little bakery where they’d had their first date.

“It opens soon, we can get fresh beignets and…” Will smiled as he spoke, clearly a reaction to Oskar’s stupid grin. The one he’d not been able to wipe off his face for hours.

When work had brought him to New Orleans, he hadn’t expected to meet someone. Much less a person he wanted to spend more time with like this. He knew it was going to take a lot of resilience to say goodbye to Will once they got to his hotel.

Will leaned in and kissed him softly, Oskar sighing into it. Hands gently roaming over each other until they heard the shop bell ding and saw the sign on the door had been turned to “open.”

They giggled like children as they went in and got some beignets to go, slowly walking towards Oskar’s hotel as they ate.

“This is nice,” Oskar voiced his thoughts absentmindedly.

“Yeah…” Will agreed with a grin. “We should do this again. I don’t have any more days off together for another few weeks, but I have vacation time I can take…” Will started but stopped when he saw the look on Oskar’s face.

He couldn’t hide how unsure he was about Will going to those lengths. He wanted to see the man again, many many more times. But was this a fling? Was he expecting them to stay in touch? They hadn’t discussed it. In fact, this was as close as they’d come so far to skirting around the fact that at some point Oskar would be going home to Philadelphia.

“I don’t want you to go to… um, to make special plans. I’m only going to be here another two weeks at the most,” Oskar said. And that was really pushing it. As it was he’d exhausted most of

his leads and was already looking in new directions. In a week or two he could be anywhere those took him as long as his client was happy for him to continue.

Will's face fell and he nodded, "Okay, I get it. It's cool."

Oskar stopped, forcing Will to do the same as they stood in the awakening street looking at each other.

"I just don't want you to go to trouble. But… I'd like to see you again, to, um, keep seeing you. Maybe see how it goes and then we can work something out when I leave? If that's something you're interested in?" Oskar steeled himself to say the words but was glad he did when Will grinned at him and nodded.

"That sounds good."

They smiled at each other for a minute before Oskar pointed at the hotel a few buildings along, "That's my hotel."

"I'll walk you to your room." Will said, his voice steady even as his cheeks coloured slightly.

"Okay," Oskar replied, though he knew he likely should have stopped Will there. Might be easier, but he really still didn't want to say goodbye.

When they got into the hotel, Will accompanied him to his room on the second floor and leaned against the door jam whilst Oskar fished out his key. Finally retrieving it when Will pulled him around to face him and step in close.

"I really like you," Will breathed the words against his lips and he shuddered.

"I like you too," Oskar's words came back as a sigh. He did, he really did. Almost enough to invite Will in.

Will leaned in, closing the distance between them and pressing Oskar against his motel room door as he kissed him. It stole Oskar's breath completely. He tasted like powdered sugar and bourbon. It was a combination Oskar knew he'd always have cravings for from now on.

Even so…

Oskar placed his hands on Will's chest and pushed him back, though he didn't stop kissing him. Leaning forward until Will was too far to keep the connection. Will moved a hand up and stroked over the slight stubble on Oskar's cheek.

"It's okay, I'm not expecting you to put out on a first date, or kinda first date..." Will smiled gently and Oskar let his hands drop as Will moved forward again and started to kiss him all the more deeply. Will's tongue slipped into his mouth and Oskar played against it with his own, groaning as they practically devoured each other. He was hard and wet and so desperately in want of Will Graham that turning him away was going to be one of the most difficult things he'd ever have to do.

(drama and angst)

Chapter Summary

Drama, angst and revelations...

Will woke hard, his mind on Oskar. Replaying all of the night before, right up until the moment they said goodnight.

He wasn't going to lie to himself, he had hoped to be invited in. But he had allowed for the fact he might not be, and that was cool. Sure they had been getting to know each other but in some ways this was their first real date, and he had no plans to be pushy. Anyways it wasn't like he had much confidence or experience with guys. Taking it slow was probably best for them both, even if being together at all wasn't the smartest move.

Will sat up and shook his head. It was stupid.

He really liked the guy. Which felt like trouble on so many levels.

He was thankful for the day off, to sleep and generally recover from the night before, but he couldn't help but wonder what it would have been like to wake up next to Oskar.

He had spent years denying his attraction to guys, since he'd started at the academy. He knew that being out at work would be a bad time. Maybe all the worse for being bi. There were a whole bunch of idiots at the precinct that would give him shit for being gay, but being bi? It would be that and then some. All the asshole chatter about being secretly gay or greedy, or not making up his mind.

Will didn't want to deal with all that shit. He was working his way into homicide, and the thought of having to handle any bullshit was really daunting. And yet… for Oskar?

They'd known each other less than a month but Will was really into him. More than he'd been with anyone in a long time. He liked the way Oskar got flustered around him, but even more so when he realised how calm and laid back the guy clearly was the rest of the time.

Even so, there was something else there with that hesitation. And maybe it was just because Will was worried how this might affect his career, and was trying to convince himself there was something off so that he had a reason to end it. But the fact was, he was a pretty good judge of people. He'd always been empathetic enough to get a really good read on people. If anything he'd always tried not to be overly so with people he was interested in.

It was hard to say whether it was his empathy or unconscious desire to have a reason not to go down this path, that made him feel like Oskar was hiding something from him. And as much as that niggled at him, it was also easy to dismiss entirely in those moments where he remembered how Oskar felt against him and the sound of his laugh.

It left Will torn, but he liked that they were able to speak on the same level, joke, banter. He liked how Oskar's lips tasted when they'd been drinking for hours on end.

He wanted to suck Oskar's cock and so much more, but respected that Oskar was holding them back from that.

Will had some hesitation of his own of course, but he wasn't quite sure what Oskar's was - secret or no secret - he was just happy to respect it.

He palmed his cock thoughtfully before getting out of bed and jumping into the shower. He hadn't intended to jerk off, but the morning wood wasn't going anywhere and it didn't help that he couldn't shift thoughts of Oskar.

Yeah, he'd been okay with Oskar putting him off, but the more he thought about how this could be temporary, given that they hadn't discussed it, the more it felt like they were wasting time and opportunities.

He wanted to suck kisses into Oskar's neck, scratch their stubble together as he moved against his face. He wanted to rut against him until they both came in their pants. There were so many scenarios that had built up in his head that he was sure when they finally did get to that base, he likely would just come in his pants. The thought had him coming over his fist before he'd even realised how hard and fast he'd been stroking himself.

Once Will was rinsed and dressed, and about to head out the door for work, he couldn't help but text Oskar. They messaged most mornings, so it wasn't unusual. But it took him a while to work out what he wanted to say before messaging that he had enjoyed their date and would love to do it again, and would really like to kiss Oskar again.

It felt light and suggestive but friendly, not overbearing. So Will was a little confused when he received a reply a few hours later from Oskar saying that he wouldn't be able to meet up until after the weekend, and that was it. Which, whilst wasn't a terrible response, also seemed to be pointedly ignoring what Will had said about kissing and not returning the sentiment.

Maybe it had been too much pressure? Will had to wonder.

He couldn't pretend that it wasn't disappointing, but he also had an increasing sense that Oskar was keeping something from him. At first it hadn't bothered him, they didn't know each other that well yet and everyone had their rightful secrets, but added with the message, it tweaked at the edges of Will's mind. Something felt amiss and he couldn't help but be concerned that Oskar was hiding something that could reflect on Will and his career, and that wasn't okay.

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"What's eating you?" Will's partner asked as they drove their usual patrol route.

"Nothing," Will replied without hesitation, ignoring his sideways glance. They drove on for a few minutes in silence before Will found himself admitting "I met someone…"

"Thank fuck. I know very few people who need to get laid as much as you do," the man chuckled and Will felt his cheeks colour.

"We're not… yet… Ugh, I don't know why I'm telling you this.' Will groaned.

His partner's chuckle became a belly laugh, "Because you're a loner and a bit of a weirdo and I'm the closest thing you have to a friend."

Will chuckled in response, slightly uncomfortable that the man was right.

"So what's her name?"

Will's heart slammed into his ribs enough that it knocked the air out of him. He coughed lightly and then cleared his throat.

"I don't know if it's anything serious yet," Will diverted. "I… have a weird feeling about it all. I feel like something's going on that I don't know about." He voiced the feeling he'd been having since before the text. And really, he probably shouldn't be mentioning it, but he'd needed something to redirect the conversation somewhat. Now that he'd said it out loud it seemed to grow into something else. The thought became a big, dark cloud hanging over him.

Will tried to shake it off now that he seemed to have given it life, shrugging and reiterating, "Just a weird feeling, I'm sure it's nothing."

"That's called a boner, Graham." The tease was light and Will found himself chuckling again, glad that the mood seemed immediately lifted.

"In all seriousness though, sort that shit out. Talk it out or whatever. Or, you know, run some background checks. Whatever, you're young, you're talented. You need to protect your career. It's okay to be cautious in this line of work. Ain't going to look good if she turns out to be a drug mule or hooker." There was a serious note to the tease and a pointed look.

Will blinked and gave a curt nod, hoping the hint was taken that the conversation should end there. Which it did.

He didn't get the sense that Oskar was doing anything illegal, but the fact that he was a guy had definitely made Will hyper sensitive about the whole situation. He should never have started dating a guy. In the back of his mind he knew his suspicions were being amplified by the fact of how wary he was about being with a man, about people knowing, especially other cops. And whilst he knew he should just try not to let it bother him, it wouldn't stop streaming through his mind.

But maybe a background search wasn't a bad idea? If they were going to be involved, Will needed to be sure of it all. Of Oskar.

Will noted Oskar's name on a post-it, not sure what he intended to do with it, he stuck it to his paperwork and forgot about it until the end of his shift. When he remembered his blood ran cold, thinking that perhaps running background checks was going too far.

When he went to grab the post-it from his paperwork, it was gone.

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Will felt like an idiot. He had left the post-it with some of the paperwork he needed to file, and now there was a file of search results in his pigeon hole. Someone in the admin team must have been passed the post-it and run the checks.

Now he had them in his hand, feeling terrible at the intrusion, whilst Oskar text back saying that he was sorry he was brusk earlier but had been working and had to reply on the move. And in fact Oskar had managed to rearrange things and now had a couple of free evenings if Will had any off.

Will had replied immediately and they'd made a date.

So now Will stood, smiling and excited, with a file in his hand of information he hadn't even looked at and likely didn't need to. He shoved the file in his locker making a mental note to shred it when he got a chance.

This whole thing was just in his head, he was sure. It was just his own insecurities trying to find a reason to let Oskar go. Just because he wanted to take things slow didn't mean he was hiding something. Or if he was, the chances were slim it was anything Will should be concerned about - maybe just a bad past relationship or some emotional hang up. Will grasped the thought with both hands and ignored the continuing niggle at the back of his mind.

The next day he woke feeling lighter, knowing he would be seeing Oskar in the evening. His shift was long but with no real trouble. Even so, he was eager when he was done. He went home, showered and met Oskar in the same bar they had been a few days earlier.

Where they had first kissed.

Maybe it was that memory that emboldened Will, because when he arrived to find Oskar already at a table, he greeted him by leaning in and kissing him. Just a light touch of their lips at first, and Will wasn't sure he meant it to be any more than that. But Oskar hummed against him and Will found himself sliding into the booth next to Oskar and deepening the kiss.

It was long minutes before they drew back, breathless and flushed.

"You didn't even buy me a drink first," Oskar teased in that easy way he had now that he was less prone to being flustered. And with just those words Will felt all lingering doubt leave him.

If Oskar was hiding something then maybe it wasn't his business or he'd tell him when he was comfortable? Will knew he just needed to be more trusting and less coloured by his concerns over dating a guy.

Will leaned in to kiss Oskar again but allowed himself to be playfully pushed back.

"We should have dinner…"

Will smiled softly and nodded, "You want me to move opposite?" He asked gently, Oskar clearly had boundaries that he didn't know the entire extent or reasoning for but he wanted to respect them.

Even so, he couldn't help the little flip in his chest when Oskar shook his head and slipped his hand into Will's.

"I like this," Oskar smiled.

Will hummed his agreement and grabbed the menus.

They had a light dinner, and a couple of drinks before Oskar suggested Will walk him back to his hotel. Whilst Will readily agreed, he knew they both had to work the next day so a stay over was unlikely. Not that that stopped him trying to figure out in his head what time he'd need to set his

alarm to get up in the morning, and get from Oskar's place over to his own to get ready for work in time to get on shift.

Oskar was a combination of enticing and demure as they made their way to the hotel and Will could already sense the boundaries he was putting in place.

They stopped at Oskar's door as they had last time and Oskar turned, looking both eager and concerned.

"We can say goodnight here," Will offered.

Oskar bit at his lower lip and seemed to be considering, before he shook his head and unlocked the door.

"You can… do you want to come in?"

Will nodded and let Oskar lead the way.

The room was nice. A small suite, clearly intended for people staying for an extended period. There was a large bed, a small table strewn with files and notes and chairs by the window, a sofa facing the television, and a little bureau that doubled as a very basic kitchen.

"You want to sit? I can make us coffee, or water…" Oskar said with an embarrassed smile.

"I'm not thirsty," Will replied, perhaps pushing his luck as he pulled Oskar to him and sought his lips.

Oskar opened to him immediately, moaning into the kiss and sliding his hands up around Will's neck, pressing their bodies together. Will was sure he wouldn't miss the growing interest in his pants and hoped that was cool. He didn't want to push it and scare Oskar off, especially in his own room.

But apparently he hadn't needed to worry, because as the kiss deepened, Oskar slid his hand between tham and began palming Will's cock through his pants. Will moaned into Oskar's mouth, kissing him all the more aggressively as he stroked Will to full hardness.

Oskar broke the kiss so suddenly that Will was concerned something was wrong, but then the man dropped to his knees and began to urgently undo Will's trousers, pushing them to the top of his thighs before pulling his cock out of his underwear.

"Is this okay?" Oskar asked, breathless as he looked up at Will, cock in hand and oh so close to his mouth.

"Fuck," Will groaned, "Yeah… please… fuck…"

Oskar looked so fucking hot on his knees that Will closed his eyes, trying to ensure he didn't come there and then.

Will had to grit his teeth, letting out a whimper, as Oskar licked the tip of his cock before closing his mouth over it. Will knew he wasn't going to last long, not after the sexual tension that had been building between them.

"I'm… It's going to be over real quick," Will chuckled and gasped as Oskar sank down on him, still lightly gripping the root of him. Oskar hummed his acknowledgement, the sensation making Will throb in his mouth.

Oskar hollowed his cheeks and began to suck in earnest, taking Will as deep as he could and wrapping a hand around the rest of him until hand and mouth were working in tandem.

"Fuck, oh fuck…" Will gasped, his hands sliding into Oskar's hair for something to hold onto as he shuddered. His balls tightened and cock pulsed. He spilled into Oskar's mouth and watched as he took it all, swallowing it down until Will had stopped coming.

Will collapsed onto the sofa.

It took Will a while to come down from his climax, and he was happy to let Oskar snuggle into him on the small sofa in the suite. Oskar had taken off his overshirt, but was otherwise still dressed and Will wasn't sure if that was for his comfort, or a sign that he didn't intend for them to go any further. Or both.

After he caught his breath, Will looked at Oskar, placing a finger under his chin so he could lift his face for their eyes to meet.

"I'd like to… reciprocate. I don't want you thinking I'm a selfish lover," Will grinned, but even so his words were hesitant, not wanting to push if Oskar was drawing a line.

"I… I'd like that too, but…" It seemed like Oskar stopped himself from saying more and took a moment to consider his words before continuing. "I'm almost done with my contract here," Oskar told him softly, "I'll likely be flying home on Thursday. For now… I don't know when I'll have work here again, but…" Oskar looked away and Will took his hands.

"Hey," Will replied softly, "if you're not ready, for whatever reason… It's okay. I get it, believe me. I don't want you to feel like you have to do something you're not comfortable with because there is a time factor. I… I want to see you. Again. After, I mean. Maybe I can visit?"

Will found the words easily, really meaning them without having to even think about it.

"Yeah, that would be good," Oskar smiled. "I'm away with my job here and there, but we can work out a few days when we're both free."

"If it's easier, you can come here? Stay at my place… if you… I mean I have a spare room," Will's cheeks heated a little and he felt strangely rewarded to see Oskar's do the same.

Oskar pressed closer and lightly settled his lips against Will's, an invitation that Will took. They kissed slowly, Will sated but enjoying every little sensation of it. He schooled the urge to palm Oskar's crotch or reach for the buttons on his jeans, knowing Oskar had to make the first move here.

So Will contently made out with the man, glad that his own light beard would hide the stubble burn he was getting, until Oskar let out a happy sigh and said they should really call it a night.

*

It had been a long day. Maybe all the longer for the knowledge that he'd be on shift all weekend and Oskar couldn't meet until Tuesday night - only a couple of days before he was due to leave New Orleans.

They were able to meet the night before as Will had managed to change to the early shift, but after that it was down to them staying in touch. Which, when Will was with Oskar, he really wanted to do. But he had to admit that doubts set in every time they weren't together. Doubts that he knew were down to his job. The idea of being *out* at work was terrifying but he didn't know how they would make something work, even just casually, if they were having to be completely secret about it.

Will was thinking all this over as he opened his locker, forgetting about the file in there that he then dislodged and it spilled out onto the floor.

He was about to pick it all up and put it in the shredder, when something caught his eye. A record of a name change.

Will frowned and picked up the file, pushing everything back into it and looking around to see if anyone was paying attention. No one was and he took it with him when he closed his locker, taking a few minutes when he got down to the squad car, to look through it.

Will shuffled through to look for the name change information again when more caught his attention.

Oskar Sonnier was a licenced private investigator.

Will frowned. It was one of those things Oskar had been sort of dismissive about, just saying he travelled a lot for work sometimes and Will had formed the impression he was in sales, and Oskar had never corrected that.

It wasn't that he had an issue with PIs, more that they could make things complicated. If they were privately investigating things that law enforcement also were, there were sometimes problems all around. Getting involved with them on a personal level wasn't prohibited, but it wasn't exactly smart either. There could be a conflict of interests there.

The car door opened and Will's partner slid in as Will closed and stowed the file. He'd look over it all again later but there was no denying the whole thing had left a bitter taste in his mouth. Why hadn't Oskar told him any of this? Is this what he had been hiding? Or was there even more?

Will couldn't help but dread their final meeting.

*

Will read through the file again as it sat in front of him at the cafe.

He wasn't the kind of guy to do this, this confrontation or whatever it was. But as he flipped through the file again he felt his anger rising. It wasn't cool that Oskar had kept this from him, and maybe more? Certainly there were strange things that warranted explanation.

He'd almost cancelled this meeting, ending it there and then. But realised he needed to talk this out for his own peace of mind. There was a niggling part of him that worried Oskar had been using him in someway. He'd spent hours thinking over the discussions they'd had, whether Oskar had asked

about certain things, whether they had discussed Will's job in detail. But they never had, not that he could recall. And Will was just a beat cop, Oskar should have set his sights higher if he wanted inside information.

Will felt his stomach plummet as Oskar arrived and made his way to the table with a warm smile. It slowly receded as he got closer, no doubt seeing that Will wasn't returning the smile.

"Is everything okay?" Oskar asked as he slid into the seat opposite Will.

"I…" Will was suddenly at a loss for words now that the man was in front of him. He wanted all this not to matter, but it did. "I need you to explain this."

Will pushed the file across to Oskar, who frowned and started to flick through, his smile fading.

"You ran background checks on me?"

The saddened disappointed in Oskar's tone made Will wince internally.

"I'm a cop. You were withholding, I needed to make sure…" Will trailed off, not even believing in his own apparent justification.

Oskar closed the file and pushed it back, not even really looking in detail - clearly not needing to.

“I… I will admit that I’ve been holding back and that I was standoffish because of my situation, of how you might react to it. And I take responsibility there if you felt I was leading you on, or being dismissive and then interested again. It wasn’t my intention but I can see how it might have come across. I just… I hadn’t expected this.” Oskar looked crushed and Will knew he’d completely fucked up.

What situation? Will had to wonder, it was such an odd way to phrase it.

"Being a PI?" Will clarified.

Oskar's jaw tightened, "Yes, partly. I've been a PI for a long while, I know how cops can be, and I get it. But I liked you. I didn't want to chase you off. Besides, it wasn't… There are other things and I wanted to be sure you liked me too before…"

"I did like you, do like you," Will corrected himself but stopped himself from reaching across and taking Oskar's hands in his.

"Will, I wanted to get to know you before I told you any of this. I nearly told you the other night when we, when I… And maybe I should have.” Oskar stopped, took a breath and looked at him with a cold determination. “I'm transgender. That was why I was holding back. Maybe I should have told you up front, but I hoped you wouldn't care."

Oskar was red in the face, and Will understood he'd backed him into a corner and given him no choice but to tell him something he might not have been ready to.

"I-I'm sorry, I shouldn't have…" Will started but Oskar stood.

"It's okay, I get it. This is why I didn't tell you any of this to begin with and now I realise I should have. Before we got to know each other, so you could decide you weren't interested in a transgender PI. I've had a good time Will, while it lasted. Take care of yourself."

Will was still trying to form the thoughts that could form the words, but it was too late. Oskar was gone.

(reconciliation and smut)

Chapter Summary

Reconciliation, smut and a happy ending

Thursday came and went and Will couldn't help but think about Oskar, flying home and out of Will's life. He could have found a way to go see him and talk it out, but he was sure Oskar never wanted to see his face again, and Will didn't blame him.

Will could be an asshole, but he wasn't insensitive or cruel. He hated what had happened, what he'd done. The fact that it was a reaction to his own insecurities was irrelevant. He knew that. Oskar knew that. So it was all said and done really.

But two weeks later and Will still couldn't stop thinking it over. Everything he could have said and done differently. Every time Will thought of Oskar his stomach did a little flip. A surge of want and need running through him.

Part of him wanted to go after Oskar, but nothing had changed. It would still be difficult with his job to see a guy, aside from anything else like distance or work conflicts.

"More excuses," he muttered to himself, knocking back the last of a glass of whiskey he'd poured before bed. With a day off the next day, the first since Oskar had left, he couldn't help but imagine all the things they might have done together.

When he woke the next day his thoughts were even more consumed by Oskar, not less. By mid morning he had booked a flight to Philadelphia for his next weekend off.

*

Oskar stared at his phone. The message had surprised him, not least because he hadn't heard from Will Graham since the last time they had seen each other in person.

He had to admit that he'd been tempted to reach out a few times, but had stopped himself. He understood why Will had done what he'd done, but there was still so many other things that stood between them having something together. So messaging Will would have been pointless.

He had assumed Will felt the same.

Until this message. Informing Oskar that Will was in Philadelphia for the weekend, staying at a hotel in the city, and would really like to meet and buy Oskar dinner as an apology at least.

It felt sincere, as did Will's assurances of this meaning nothing, that there were no expectations. Simply that he wasn't happy to have their last meeting in New Orleans as the final time they'd see each other.

Oskar agreed with that. Now that he'd cooled down and had time to put space between himself and what had happened, he was sad that they parted as they had. And he had to admit that he had thought about Will a lot since then. Imagining different scenarios, different ways it all might have been.

What was the worst that could happen? Oskar checked his calendar and made a note to rearrange the meeting he had Saturday afternoon before messaging Will back a time and place to meet.

*

"Hey," Will practically blushed with the word, and with that Oskar felt a flush of affection towards him.

"Hi," Oskar replied gently, offering a small smile.

They stood on the sidewalk, looking at each other for a moment, and Oskar for one felt a sense of pleasure and relief he hadn't realised he would until seeing Will again.

"There's a place around the corner. A bar. It's quiet," Oskar said, knowing that Will would be happy with anywhere at this point, confirmed by the nod that was calculately not too eager.

Oskar returned the nod reflexively and led the way.

There were a few people at the bar but several booths at the back were available, so once they had their drinks they sat down opposite each other. Oskar couldn't help but remember the time he'd slid into the seat next to Will, what it had led to later.

After a moment of silence, Will spoke first, "I feel like I should say again how deeply sorry I am for what happened. I…"

Oskar shook his head, "I get it. I do. I just need you to know that nothing has changed with me. I still like you, a lot. But if you don't… If you will always find or create obstacles because of your situation, I can't-"

"I know. God, I know and I'm sorry." Will reached over but didn't take his hand, waiting for Oskar to meet him halfway rather than be presumptuous. With a faint smile, Oskar took it. "I came here, to apologise. But… also… I want to not care, and maybe one day that will happen. I just want to see where this goes. I can't walk away from it. From you." Will looked at him intently, "I'm… willing, to just see where this goes. If… if you want to as well. I know I probably don't deserve a second chance…"

Oskar let out a breath. He knew he'd kept Will at arm's length but actually he'd been the closest Oskar had let anyone in a long while. The thought lodged something tight in his throat.

"Will, I… I want to say yes but… What you did," Oskar let out a sigh. "I've been here a million times, spying on spouses for concerned husbands or wives. And how do you think it turns out when their other half isn't cheating but finds out they were being tailed and investigated? That there wasn't the trust there that they expected or deserved?"

"I… I understand. This wasn't that, this was a huge mistake and I should have shred the file as soon as I was given it. I planned to, but then," Will shrugged. "I understand, it's okay. I don't have an excuse."

Will looked down at his glass and the sinking feeling in Oskar's gut was almost unbearable.

"I get it," Oskar said, before even thinking. Will looked back up at him and blinked, cocking his head in question. "I get how hard it is to be a cop in a same sex relationship. I know that your insecurity over that and maybe a million other things, most of which are tied to your sexuality, played into this. I know it wasn't just about me, about not trusting me. You were looking for an excuse to be able to walk away."

Will hung his head, letting out a heavy sigh but not denying any of Oskar's words.

"And you could have walked away. When I left you could have just done as it allowed and put me in the past," Oskar pointed out. "But you're here and I… I have to believe that counts for something. That it counts for enough to let us try out whatever this is?"

Oskar looked questioningly at Will for a response. Will lifted his head and smiled gently.

"I don't deserve it," Will said again as though trying to be sure that Oskar understood.

"Maybe you don't," Oskar agreed, "and maybe this won't last or we'll be together forever. How do we know if we don't try?"

Oskar enjoyed the timid smile creeping over Will's expression, clearly too cautious to grin widely, but it felt like the emotion behind it was as strong as if he had.

*

"Fuck, oh fuck…" Oskar's barely whispered words were driving Will crazy.

After their reconciliation it seemed like everything was suddenly back and track and sped up. He understood why Oskar had been reticent about letting him know he was trans, and truthfully if he'd told Will in the beginning he didn't know how he would have reacted. Awkwardly, he expected. And maybe somehow used it as another excuse to push this whole thing away. Instead he'd gotten to know Oskar and couldn't care less, he still wanted the man as much as he ever had. Still wanted to suck his cock.

At another whispered curse, Will hummed and felt Oskar shudder. He circled his tongue around Oskar's cock before sucking him again.

Will hadn't had any idea what to expect. He only really had a vague understanding of anything relating to transgender people. Out of curiosity he'd looked up a few things before coming to see Oskar, but then felt that it was a bit presumptuous for him to even consider what kind of surgeries Oskar might or might not have had.

As it turned out, he'd had top surgery, but nothing else. He'd had a good amount of lower growth from testosterone, which Will had read about but not seen pictures and had to hide how surprised he was. It was definitely a cock, not a clit, and taking it into his mouth for the first time he'd known instantly what he needed to do. Sucking it, toying with tip with his tongue, not at all as he'd gone down on women in the past. Oskar was definitely all man and Will was getting harder with each passing moment, seeing how clearly he was arousing and satisfying his lover.

"Will…" Oskar's hands slid into his hair, fingers gripping and flexing almost painfully, but not taking control from him. "I'm gonna…"

Will moaned, feeling Oskar shudder at the vibrations. And then he continued to shudder, body jolting as his cock throbbed in Will's mouth and he came with a cry.

Will continued to suck him through the climax until Oskar was panting and pulling at his hair for him to stop. So Will did, sitting back and looking down at the beautiful man he had just taken apart. Will grinned and lowered himself to kiss Oskar, knowing he had tasted himself in Will's mouth when he groaned.

Will pulled back, kissing at his neck before pulling back enough to say, "I think I owed you that."

Oskar let out a light chuckle.

*

Will restrained himself, maybe more than he would have with anyone else. There was still part of him that was worried about scaring Oskar off. And most of him had come to terms with wanting to keep a man in his life in this way.

"Is this okay?" He asked gently, despite the fact that Oskar was directing this whole thing. He was straddling Will's hips and rubbing himself against Will's hard cock.

"Uhuh," Oskar let out breathlessly as he continued to move, his expression one of clear bliss.

They had led in bed kissing and talking for a long while, Will having no expectation of anything more, but then kisses had deepened and Oskar had climbed over him.

There were still layers between them, Oskar was somehow just down to his t-shirt and socks but Will was still fully clothed, his jeans growing increasingly wet outside and in from Oskar's gyrations and his own leaking cock.

Oskar fell forward, continuing to grind as he took Will's mouth, kissing him deeply as he rocked enough to worry Will that he might come in his pants.

Just as Will was about to protest, Oskar pulled back enough to puff hot air against his ear.

"I want you inside me," Oskar panted.

Will groaned and couldn't help his hips jolting up, his cock clearly very much in agreement. Oskar chuckled and moved back enough to start stripping Will of his clothes. After a moment Will’s brain kicked in and he started to undress himself and Oskar, alternating between his own clothes and tugging at Oskar’s top.

He let out a shuddering breath once they were both completely naked, laying in each others arms and panting with desire.

Oskar’s chest was flat, his scars barely visible under the light dusting of chest hair that Will had to admit was more substantial than his own.

Just as Will was wondering what they should do next - if he should make the next move - Oskar straddled him again and continued as he had been. This time his wet sex coating Will’s hard cock as he rocked against him.

“Fuuuck…” Will’s word came out as a long Southern drawl that had Oskar lightly laughing again.

Before Will could react, Oskar was kissing him again and placing Will’s hands on his chest, Will groaned as he began to rub his thumbs over Oskar’s nipples, feeling the soft tissue and the coarse hair.

Will couldn’t help but let his mind wander. Ahead and backwards and to whatever this was between them. He was so submerged in thought that he shuddered slightly when Oskar whispered next to his ear, as though anyone could hear, “I’ll let you top me this time, but I’ll have your ass next time.”

“Fuck,” Will said again, feeling his whole body clench as he tried to stop himself coming at the words alone.

He was in a bit of a daze as he felt Oskar moving above him, not sure what he was doing until he heard the rip of a condom wrapper. He watched as Oskar rolled it over his cock and then wordlessly sank down onto him and Will was lost.

Will’s hands flexed at his hips, wanting to hold onto him but not take control. Oskar’s hands fell to his chest and he began to ride Will in earnest. Ride him with the enthusiasm of someone who had dreamt of this as much as Will had. Will shuddered at the thought.

Oskar was huffing and sweating, his hair falling in his eyes. He looked exquisite as he took everything he wanted from Will, and Will had no desire to do anything about that as he felt waves of his own pleasure rippling through him. His balls drawing tighter.

"Fuck me, Will…" Oskar groaned as Will felt him clench around him.

Oskar's hand was between them, rubbing and tugging at his little cock, moaning and panting as it made him tighten all the more.

With a grunt Will gripped Oskar's hips and began fucking up into him, their bodies pounding together as they thrust against each in other in search of their own pleasure.

Oskar let out a little cry, his hand moving fast and then slowing into a drawn out motion as he came. Will could feel Oskar squeezing around him in rhythmic pulses that pushed him over the edge. He dug his fingers into Oskar's skin and pumped up twice more as he released deep inside his lover, groaning and oversensitive as Oskar ground against him until he was milked dry.

*

Oskar enjoyed Will nuzzling against him, spooning up behind him, as they lay in bed the next morning. It was easy and domestic. Whatever this was between them, it had reached this stage and no matter what happened now there was no going back on that. Oskar could imagine a time when Will might visit and they would naturally fall into this again, and it made him smile.

"Mmm, this is nice," Will nuzzled the words against Oskar's neck, "I wish we had longer."

"One night only?" Oskar joked.

"Two," Will replied. "This time. Maybe we can… another time I can stay longer. Or you can visit. Or we can meet somewhere else."

Oskar hummed his agreement and turned in Will's arms, met with a kiss.

*

Oskar wasn't sure at first if he should go with Will to the airport, but then they had started talking about it and it was clear he'd been included in the plan. So he went, careful not to touch Will or even glance at him in any obvious way.

It was something they'd need to talk about another time, because Oskar really wasn't sure he could be with someone who was closeted, as much as he understood why. He couldn't go back to hiding himself away and not being free to be who he was. He'd done that for too long in his life already.

He walked Will through to the entry, not able to go further without a ticket. He suddenly felt awkward. Did they hug? Shake hands? He wasn't sure what would be appropriate and what Will would be comfortable with.

And then Will kissed him.

Oskar hadn't even considered this would be one of the possibilities. But Will slid his hands around Oskar's waist and kissed him gently but very thoroughly until Oskar was moaning into the kiss.

Will pulled back with a grin and Oskar didn't miss how he subtly adjusted the crotch of his pants.

Oskar couldn't help but smirk.

"I'll see you again soon," Will said pressing a chaste kiss to his lips before picking up his shoulder bag.

Oskar nodded.

He wasn't sure where they went from here. The long distance thing, he guessed. And then they could think of other options if this became more serious.

Will turned and gave a wink as he was about to go through to his flight. Oskar grinned at him, already looking forward to the next time he'd get to see Officer Will Graham.

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